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Clans and claws (Warriors FanFiction)



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

He blinks his eyes open. He racks his brain. HE does not know who HE is. He looks around. He is in a tree's trunks. That's when he heard paw steps.

"Do you smell that?"

"Rouge probably"

"no it's coming from the bottom of that tree." That makes three. He held his breath as the paw steps got closer.

"Well what do we have here"

Chapter 2 by Cody Neubeck



Three ginormous cats loomed above him.

"What's you're name?" A ginger one asked.

"I...I don't know." the kit stuttered.

"You don't know you're mother?" asked a white one.

"No. Who are you?"

"Just come here."the black one's voice was deep. The kit cautiously moved forward. As he got closer he could tell that the only the white and black ones were toms. When he finally got out of

the cave the ginger female gently took him by the scruff

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They entered camp and all across the hollow and to a big boulder. The big black tom went behind the huge rock. Muttering happened inside. Then

two toms walked out. The new one was a golden tom. He hopped on top of the boulder. "Gather around" he bellowed. All cats stopped and joined at the rock.

Chapter 3 by Glowpy-Druglord



A large silver tom with a dark gray face stood beside the leader, his eyes cold. He was certainly a new cat, a cat that could eat the kit if he wanted to. But he looked to the leader with disdain in his hard yellow eyes.

The leader looked down at the cat gathering around the rock. "It has seemed that Avalanchfang, Darkpatch, and Gingerflight have found a young kit in the forest. We are running low on warriors and apprentices, so I will allow Snowbreeze to take care of this young kit until he becomes an apprentice."

"What will we call him?" a large dark gray tabby tom with sharp yellow eyes called from the crowd. "If I am to father a son, I want him to have a name."

The leader glanced at the kit in Gingerflight's jaws. "We shall call him Barkkit."

A beautiful and young silvery white she-cat walked over to the kit, giving him a lick on his small cheek. "Hello, my son. My name is Snowbreeze. The gray tabby is your new father, Arcstorm. I am so very pleased that they found you."

"What happened?" a dusky brown gray spotted she-cat asked, barging out of a den. Herbs were in her jaws, her black tufted ears pricked.

"It seems we have a new kit," Blackpatch responded to the she-cat. "One more mouth to feed and your new brother, Lynxspirit." She looked at Barkkit, with curiosity. "Is he hurt at all? Sick?"

"No," Snowbreeze purred softly. "Just frightened."

Chapter 4 by Glowpy-Druglord



Lynxspirit froze, dropping the comfrey on to the dirt. Her yellow eyes were wide and frightened as she stared at the young kit. Her back hackles rising, Arcstorm nudged his daughter, glancing at her apprentice, Snowbreeze. The young dark brown tabby posed the warrior away, whispering

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"Lynxspirit?" Snowbreeze mewed urgently, looking between her and the kit. The medicine let out a loud gasp, staggering, leaning heavily on her father's shoulder. Nightstar bounded down the rock over to his medicine cat.

"Come on, stop crowding her!" Starthistle snapped at the circle of warriors forming. "Give her space to breathe!"

"What did you see?" Nightstar asked her in a hushed voice, his muzzle close to her.

"I...I saw this kit's.....future," she told him, shaking violently. "I can tell you this much, he will turn down the path of darkness." She looked at her apprentice with shake yellow eyes. "We must share tongues with SpiritClan." She glanced at her father. "We will need a warrior to escort us to the Moonflower."

He licked her ear. "Of course. I'll see to it."

Snowbreeze took her new son out of Gingerflight's jaws and carried him to the nursery.

"What's wrong with her?" Barkkit inquired. He looked up at his new mother, who was staring at the medicine cat being guided into her den by her apprentice.

Snowbreeze's tail brushed softly across his small flank. "She received a message from our warrior ancestors about your future." She licked the top of his head. "But you shouldn't worry about it until she comes back from the Moonflower." She curled up and Barkkit buried his nose into her soft pale fur, breathing in her motherly scent.

"Goodnight, Snowbreeze," Barkkit said, sleepily.

"Goodnight, Barkkit," Snowbreeze purred.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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